

IMMORTALITY

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

The sun shines on the concrete building amongst the well-manicured greenery.

INT. SCHOOL GROUNDS, CORRIDOR - DAY

A STUDENT pads down the empty corridor. His sneakers barely laced. His bandaged hand clutches the strap of his satchel.

The windows frame students in lessons.

He continues. His motion slow, as if walking through water. The SOUNDS of the SCHOOL are distant, water muted.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER scribbles on the white board. Some students pay attention, others do not.

The door's window frames THE FIGURE as he makes his way towards the classroom.

INT. SCHOOL GROUNDS, CORRIDOR - DAY

His knuckles whiten as he grips his satchel strap.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The door's window frames the Figure as he reaches into his bag.

INT. SCHOOL GROUNDS, CORRIDOR - DAY

AT THE CLASSROOM DOOR

TOBY NILES, 17 and scruffy, grips something in his satchel. His eyes are piercing, they gaze stonily through the glass.

He turns the door handle.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - AFTERNOON

SUPER: TWO WEEKS AGO

Billboards of beauty advertise products, bookshops advertise their best sellers.

AT A NEWS STAND

A more manicured Toby slings a bag of popcorn onto the cash-desk. A headline catches his eye:

INSERT - HEADLINE

"22 INJURED, 6 KILLED, SCHOOL SHOOTING" And underneath:
"Look inside for profile of the Shooter. Read his sociology essays"

BACK TO SCENE

Toby chucks the newspaper on the cash desk.

IN THE SHOPPING CENTRE,

Amongst the melting pot of people, there are those who move fast and those who don't. And then...

ON THE SECOND LEVEL WALKWAY,

...there's ALEXANDRA JANUS, Alex, 17, her hair slung back in a knot, cool without trying. She leans on the railing and watches the madness below.

Alex keeps her smile to herself as Toby approaches. He slings the bag of popcorn for her to catch.

AT THE RAILING - LATER

Their legs hang over the edge. They delve into the popcorn and watch the people below. They look to each other and laugh.

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - EVENING

A bungalow of comfortable proportions. The ENGINE GRUMBLES as Toby's safety hazard of a car mounts the curb.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - EVENING

The sound of the ENGINE CUTTING. ALEX'S MUM looks up from marking the pages in front of her. She goes to the window.

On the wall beside her, a framed photo pictures herself and Alex: she is the image of Alex, only thirty years older.

Through the net curtains, she discreetly watches as Toby and Alex walk to the door. Toby politely pecks Alex on the cheek.

Alex's mum smiles.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE, HALL - EVENING

The front door SHUTS. Alex peeks in the lounge to see her mum hard at work.

ALEX

G'night.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - EVENING

Alex CLICKS the door shut behind her. As she starts to strip off and change into her pyjamas, we inspect her room...

...A miniature basketball hoop hangs above the door. Photos plaster the wall. Photos of her and Toby. They spill onto the dresser mirror. Christmases, birthdays, smiles, grumps, laughs.

Her dresser somewhat lacks the "normal" teenage collection of make-up and beautifying products. Her one bottle of perfume "Immortality" stands guarded by MONSIEUR LUCAS, the beady eyed cuddly bunny toy with one lop ear and uneven buck teeth.

All changed, Alex squirts some perfume.

In the mirror we see Alex tug at the window. Toby climbs in - - Alex tugs at his shirt to help -- he tumbles in, lands on her. They laugh -- then remember not to and giggle as quietly as they can.

Toby moves to get up, Alex tugs him back down and kisses him, properly. The time on the alarm clock reads 22:34...

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

...It then reads 06:00. The ALARM sounds quietly. An arm reaches up from the floor, switches it off.

Alex climbs sleepily into bed as Toby pulls his clothes on.

Toby kisses her on the cheek. Then on the lips. She pushes him away.

ALEX
Get lost loser.

She snuggles into her cover and smiles.

INT. ALEX'S ROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock reads 07:30. The ALARM sounds.

ALEX'S MUM (O.S.)
Alex, time to get up.
(a moment)
Alex? Honey?
(another)
You'll be late...
(nothing)
Alex?

Alex lies peacefully in bed, the remains of a smile on her face.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - DAY

With the same expression on her face, Alex lies in the open casket.

From above, Toby steps into view and blankly observes. He wears a simple black suit, with a crooked black tie. People mill around in the background.

SOMEONE (O.S.)
...they say it was "Sudden Cardiac
Death." No explanation...

Toby continues to stare down at Alex's face. Her slight smile.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Alex's Mum SOBS in the front row. Uncomfortable, Toby looks for a spare seat elsewhere.

IN A PEW

Toby adjusts his posture, avoids any eye contact. THE GIRL behind him, his age, grooming a tad too perfect for the occasion, watches him.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
...Alex led a good life...

The Girl leans forward to Toby's ear.

THE GIRL
Listen. I thought y'might need
someone to talk to.

She squeezes him on the arm.

THE GIRL
I just want you to know I'm here
for you. If you want.

Her hand lingers a moment too long for the exchange to be entirely innocent. CHURCH MUSIC STARTS and everyone stands.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE, SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY - NIGHT

His tie now undone, Toby dangles his legs through the railing. The shopping centre is empty, dark and quiet.

VOICE (O.S.)
You didn't cry.

A pair of legs dangle next to his. It's Alex. She looks at him for a response.

ALEX
Y'know, it didn't look good. You
couldn't manage one tear? Just one
tear?

TOBY
Why were you smiling?

He doesn't look at her. Monsieur Lucas, the cuddly toy bunny peaks out of Toby's satchel.

TOBY
What happens when you die?

 ALEX
You meet Elvis --

 TOBY
-- I'm serious.

 ALEX
When did you become the great
philosopher? I dunno, maybe your
soul --

 TOBY
-- There's no way to prove that.

She throws him a look. He throws her a look -- but she's not there. She stands behind him.

 ALEX
Then there's no way to disprove it.
Play it safe. Focus on living the
good life, or something.

 TOBY
What does that even mean?

Toby turns to look -- a flashlight blinds him. A SECURITY GUARD ready for trouble. Toby looks to Alex, but she's not there.

INT. TOBY'S ROOM - EVENING

Time ticks by. TICK, TOCK, TICK. Toby attempts to concentrate on the page before him -- TICK, TOCK, TICK. Alex lies on her front on the bed behind him, chewing gum.

 ALEX
When's it due?

 TOBY
I don't know.

 ALEX
What's it about?

 TOBY
(sighs)
I don't know.

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